

CREAM TOO GOOD FOR HIM.
Tramp Had Saved House, But He Was No Prodigal Son.

"One night as I was sleeping under a haystack on a farm in Connecticut," said the tramp, "I awoke to discover that the farm house was on fire. The roof had caught around the kitchen chimney and the family had not been aroused. I made for the house at once, gave the alarm, found and put up a ladder, and after the hardest kind of work extinguished the flames. I had my hair singed and my hands blistered and after it was all over the old farmer wanted to know how I happened to be on hand. I told him, and after a little thought he said:

"Well, you must be thirsty, and I'll have the wife get you a drink of milk."

"He called to her to fill a pitcher, and as I was washing my hands at the kitchen door I heard him say:

"Hanner, be sure to skim the milk before you give it to him. He's a tramp and not used to cream."

"I politely declined the milk when it was brought out, telling the farmer that I didn't wish to deprive the pigs of their breakfast, and as I started off to find new lodgings he said:

"You had lodgings in my haystack, and that's worth a quarter, but being you put the fire out I'm willing to call it square."

VALUE OF THE FAMILY BIBLE.

Will Be Hard to Get Historical Data If It Disappears.

Professor Frederick Starr, head of the anthropology department of the University of Chicago, in relating to his class some of his experiences in the Congo incidentally called attention to the fact that the old-fashioned family bible, with its birth and death records, was rapidly disappearing from homes in civilized countries.

"In not one-half the families to-day were we able to get the exact age and place of birth and other desired data," he said. "It is even more difficult to get such information in Africa. I think if the Bible, or some such book as the old-fashioned Bible of the civilized home existed these historical facts would be the more easily learned, and of course the moral influence would be greater."

Professor Starr also called attention to the motto of the Congo Free State—"Labor and Progress." The motto, he said, was well known among the natives, young and old.

"It is notorious here that few Americans know the motto of their own state," concluded Professor Starr.

Barred Monopolists.

On a recent occasion "down south" three little negroes, Moses, Jackson and Timmy, were called into "the house" by "Marse" John, who had owned their grandfather. He informed them that he would give ten bright new cents to the one of them who would tell him what were the three best things in the world. The coins were placed on a table and the white man held out three straws of different lengths, the boy who should draw the longest straw to have the first say. Timmy, the happy winner of this straw, was asked:

"Well, what are the three best things in the world?"

Without a moment's hesitation he answered unhesitatingly:

"I know. The three best things in de worl' am possum 'n' sweet tatoes 'n' gravy."

Moses and Jackson made a simultaneous grab for the money and made off with it, one of them shouting back in a belligerent tone:

"He ain't gwine to hab de money, too, for dem's all de bestest things in de worl'."

Old British Battleships.

A writer in the Manchester Guardian has just pointed out that the Britannia, which has recently joined the fleet at Gibraltar, is only the fourth English battleship of that name. The first was built in Charles II's reign, about the time that he also introduced the Britannia into our coinage, as the Office Window remarked a few days ago. The second Britannia fought at Trafalgar; the third in the Black sea in 1854, since when we have had no ship of that name until now. An old list of ships of the queen's navy, made in 1875, should suggest some new names to us now. The Bonaventure was one. There was the Elizabeth Jonas, "a name devised by her grace in remembrance of her deliverance from her enemies, as was the prophet Jonah delivered from the belly of the whale;" there was the Tiger, "so-called of her exceeding swiftness and nimbleness, of course," and the Mary Rose, the Bark of Bullen, the Handmaid, the Antelope, the White Bear, the Genet, the Achates and—the Dreadnot.—London Chronicle.

Objectionable in Either Case.

Grace—Why did she break the engagement?

Myrtle—He told her that she was the only girl he had ever kissed.

Grace—What of it?

Myrtle—Why, she naturally reasoned that he was either untruthful or absurdly foolish, and he was hardly worth having in either case.

Similarity.

"It's a good idea to have something laid by for a rainy day."

"Yep," answered Peter Cornstossel, "only that kind o' cash is a good deal like a real umbrella. Some other feller is liable to walk off with it jes' as the shower starts."

TO THE CE. G. ONE.
And He Was the Janitor of the Opera House.

"I never see it snow but I am reminded of one night in Colorado," said Jess B. Fulton, of the Fulton Stock company, a few days ago, as he watched the white falling flakes. "We were playing in Colorado one night stands, and we struck a small town in the mining country. It snowed all day, and at night you could not see a foot ahead for the blinding storm. Somehow the members of the company reached the theater and then waited for the audience to come. In about an hour a man entered and took a seat near the door. A consultation was held back of the scenes, and I was selected to go out and explain the situation to the audience. I stepped in front of the curtain and, clearing my throat, said:

"Sir, I am glad to see that the storm did not keep you away. We have decided to leave to you the question of whether we will have the show or not. You are the only man here, and tomorrow night we must make the next stand. We will give the play just as billed, if you ask it, but if you have no obj—"

"Say, pardner," interrupted the man, "I wish you would cut out that flow of gab and let me shut up this here house. Don't you suppose the janitor wants to go home some time? When there ain't nobody conin' let me lock up, will you?"—Kansas City Star.

WHERE MANKIND IS KING.

Gift of Speech Puts Him in a Class by Himself.

The gift of speech is the last proof of Divine favor, in virtue of which mankind has the rest of the animal kingdom faded, and stands in a class by himself.

Some beasts are stronger than men, and some know more, but no beast can be such a bore as a man, nor can any beast slop over, in the true sense of the term. These distinctions we owe to the gift of speech.

The gift of speech, moreover, lays us under compulsion to read a great many things which otherwise we would not. In order that when we have nothing to say, we may nevertheless say something. Thus we promote the publishing business, create a demand for wood pulp, assist in the deforestation of the earth's surface, stir up a new school of kickers, increase discontent and contribute, at length, to progress and penitence.

Our ancestors used to consider speech a means of concealing thought, but we have nothing to conceal.—Puck.

Wolf Raided Sheepfold.

George B. Israel, who lives on the farm of Sheriff Samuel Parks, in Johnson township, Brown county, thought his sheep were being killed by Oscar Ault's dog. Israel went to the Ault home armed with a gun, where he intended to kill the sheep-killing dog. A fight took place between the two men, and after they had paid their fines before Justice Robinson of Johnson township they learned that he had just trapped a large timber wolf.

The neighbors immediately made friends and decided that the wolf had been killing the sheep instead of the dog, as supposed. The pet of the dead wolf was taken to Nashville. Numerous wolf tracks have been found in Johnson township, and a number of farmers are looking for other wolves which they believe have been visiting sheepfolds.—Columbus correspondence Indianapolis News.

The Wanderings of a Seagull.

On October 25 last there was shot at Ouchy, on Lake Lemman a seagull, aged about 16 months, which, the Country Gentleman states, was found to be wearing on its claw a silver ring engraved with the words "Vogelstation, Rossitten 20." Rossitten is situated in the Lido of the Courland lagoon, between Königsberg and Memel, in the Baltic, 1,500 kilometers from the Lake of Geneva. M. Forel of Lausanne communicated with Dr. J. Thienemann, director of the ornithological station at Rossitten. According to the latest notes, the gull No. 20 was hatched there, and was marked with the ring when a few weeks old, before it could fly, on July 4, 1905. It seems probable that it had thus made two winter migrations before it fell a victim to the human barbarian.—Westminster Gazette.

Impossible.

Two barristers of the names of Doyle and Yelverton were constantly quarreling before the bench. One day the dispute arose so high that the incensed Doyle knocked down his adversary, exclaiming vehemently:

"You scoundrel! I'll make you be have like a gentleman!"

The other, smarting under the blow as he lay on the ground, energetically replied:

"No, never! I defy you. You cannot do it, sir!"

Practical Mnemonics.

Gayley—You haven't had occasion to accuse me of playing poker for two years.

Mrs. Gayley—Three years, my dear.

Gayley—How do you know it's three years?

Mrs. Gayley—Because I've worn this dress that long and I got it the last time I caught you.

Almost a Nightmare.

"Don't you sleep well on the cars?" "No. I generally stay awake all night trying to remember the name of my sleeping car."

PACKED—SEE STOLEN.
Old Man Had Fixed Up for Thieves and Had Repose Coming.

At midnight the other night I got a dig in the ribs and woke up to hear Mary saying:

"Husband, get up at once or we shall have our throats cut."

"Have you discovered anyone in the room with a butcher knife?" I asked.

"No; but there's an awful racket in the back yard."

"Well?"

"Well, who knows who is around and what they are stealing? Get right up and let 'em know you are at home."

"My dear woman, let's look at this thing from the other point of view. No person in our back yard is up here in our bedroom. Consequently, our throats are safe. It is a well known fact that I am always home o' nights, and no one will figure that this night is an exception. As to the identity of the marauders, what is it to us whether they are named Smith or Jones?"

"But do you want to be robbed?" persisted my good wife.

"I do not. No man does. I hear a barrel being softly rolled over the snow. That barrel contains a dead cat and a lot of old shoes and rubbers. I headed it up this afternoon and left it to be stolen. If not stolen it will cost me 15 cents to have it carted away. Mary, seek thy revenge. We have saved 15 cents in cold cash, the thief has worked up a surprise party on himself, and there is yet time to indulge in our full amount of sleep and wake up in the morning and be glad we are living."—Washington Post.

GREATEST OF ALL LAWYERS.

Men of Eminence Award Palm to Benjamin Harrison.

A group of lawyers were discussing various legal questions in the lobby of the Ebbitt hotel at Washington. The conversation had turned upon the big men of the legal profession.

"I am of the same opinion as the clerk of one of the circuit courts of Ohio," said A. H. Petty, of Urbana. "We had been talking of various lawyers who had made national reputations, and in that particular circuit many famous men had practiced before the courts. The clerk, who had had long experience and was a man of keen observation, asked me whom I regarded as the greatest lawyer I had ever heard of. I could not then call to mind any one who, in my opinion, stood out conspicuously above a dozen big men. 'The greatest lawyer,' said the clerk, 'that ever appeared in a court in this country was Benjamin Harrison. He never made an argument in a court room that he did not instruct the man on the bench.' That was high praise, but looking at it afterward I came to the same conclusion. He had the greatest legal mind of any lawyer in the last 30 years in my opinion, and many others with whom I have talked are of the same belief."—Washington Post.

A Cigar Store Secret.

Every tobaccoist has on his counter a machine for cutting off the ends of cigars. These machines are popular for the reason that they pay for themselves many times over every year.

The ends that smokers cut off are carefully gathered from the counter, and it takes but a few hundred of them to make a pound of good tobacco. This can be sold for 40 or 50 cents.

Some cigar store clerks are very solicitous to see that the patron does not overlook the cutting machine. They push it towards him, and he is impressed with their politeness. These clerks have for a perquisite the machine's cuttings. This adds several dollars weekly to their salaries.

Few Good Stories Written.

"Since the world began," says Julian Hawthorne, "there have been written perhaps 100 supremely good works of fiction. Assume that the first of these was the Iliad, now about 3,000 years old. One hundred good stories in 3,000 years is a story every generation. Since the battle of Waterloo, then, there have been rather less than three of them. Probably we are overestimating the number rather than the contrary. When you consider the matter, three supremely good stories in a hundred years is a very high average."

An Inference.

The Study club was reading about Constantine, and had come to the circumstance of his having a thousand cooks.

"Will Mrs. Utry-Mural," said the leader of the day, "kindly tell us what she infers from this?"

"Why," replied Mrs. Utry-Mural, "it would seem that the emperor must have lived in a very remote suburb, or else he didn't possess the despotic power we have sometimes supposed."—Puck.

Disgrace to the Profession.

Wareham Long—I ain't arskin' fur somethin' to eat, mister. I'm tryin' to raise a little money so's I can git out o' this town. I need a change of air.

Fellafre (formerly Rusty Rufus)—You do, you grimy old fraud, but you need a change of shirts a thundering sight worse. Here's a dollar and a kick, to assist you in effecting both of those changes. Have the goodness to move on.

COME FROM.
America Most of the False Dollars.

"The flippant remark of the drummer from Philadelphia, that if there were as many gnashing of teeth in the other world 75 per cent. of the gnashing would be done by artificial teeth made in America, was not far from the mark." So says H. D. Jones in an article in the Technical World magazine. "America leads the world in the artificial tooth industry and Philadelphia supplies a large percentage of the total output. False teeth are shipped from this country to the remote corners of the earth. They are to be found in the mouths of Japanese, Chinese, Hindoos, and even, it is very likely, assisting in the mastication of the daily rations of the Zulus of South Africa. Indeed, it is not beyond the limit of possibility that cannibal feasts are conducted with the aid of American-made artificial teeth."

"The largest plant in the world for the making of artificial teeth is to be found in Philadelphia. The industry has grown to its present mammoth proportions within a comparatively short time, for the dentists of old days made the teeth for his customers in a room adjoining the operating department. They were usually ill-fitting and, being made from bone or ivory, would not stand the wear long. The discovery of a way to make false teeth by a composition that was practically indestructible marked the beginning of a new era in the ability of the human family to repair the ravages of time."

NOW DIVE FOR SPONGES.

Old System of Hooking Abandoned on Florida Coast.

The practicability of the method now being employed extensively in the sponge industry in procuring this product, says the Tarpon Springs (Fla.) News, is no longer in doubt, and a large percentage of the Tarpon Springs vessels are changing from the old method of hooking to the new one of diving, and in order to successfully accomplish desired results with the diving method it was thought necessary to employ Greeks, who are accustomed to the work, as it seemed doubtful whether many of those who have followed the hooking process would care to don the helmet and leaden shoes and pull sponge with from 30 to 60 feet of water overhead. But recent experiments by a few have demonstrated that a little practice and confidence, together with a good physical condition, are all that is needed to become a diver. Already a number of our native spongers have become proficient in this line, and the probabilities are that in the near future a large percentage of the catch will be obtained in this manner.

Women as Centenarians.

Once more woman has demonstrated her superior vitality, to the discomfort of mere man. Of the centenarians who died in the United Kingdom during last year 42 were women and only a paltry 16 were men; in 1905 the numbers were 36 and 22, respectively, and in 1904, 41 and 22. During the last ten years the women who died after completing 100 years, at least, of life, exceeded the male centenarians by 227 to 177—an advantage of nearly 85 per cent.

Tested by length of life woman can equally claim the superiority. Bridget Danaher, who died last March in Limerick, was said to be 112 years old; Mary O'Hare, another daughter of Erin, was only two years younger, and Mrs. Sarah Egan, of King's county, was credited with 107 years, while Bridget Somers, who ended her days in Sligo Workhouse in March, 1904, had reached the ripe old age of 114. So healthy is Ireland that it is said she has at present more than 500 centenarians, while England, Scotland and Wales can only muster 192 among them.

Negro Children Like Poetry.

"Negro children are fond of poetry—more so than white children."

This is what Mrs. Carrie Whitney, public librarian, says.

"Not long ago," she continued, "I saw a negro boy in here, deeply engrossed in a rather large book. I walked gently up behind him. What do you suppose he was reading? You couldn't guess in a year. It was Dante's Inferno. His little face showed eagerness, too, to learn of that terrible picture Dante drew."

"The poems of Eugene Field are particularly attractive to the negro children. And every few days one of them makes a request for the poem which says 'An' the Goblins 'll get you, ef you don't watch out.'"

Postage Stamps of the World.

The total number of all known varieties of postage stamps issued by all the governments of the world up to the present time is 20,496, of which 6,153 are apportioned to the British empire and 14,343 to the rest of the world. Europe has issued 4,361, Asia 3,856, Africa, 4,469, America 4,688, the West Indies 1,637, and Oceania 1,485.

These figures comprise only standard varieties of postage stamps, and do not include postcards, letter cards, stamped envelopes or wrappers.

Mistaken Grief.

"Alexander wept because there were no more worlds for him to conquer," said the hero worshipper.

"Yes," answered the skeptic, "but in so doing he did not display great valor so much as a limited knowledge of geography."

WITH A PURPOSE.
The Best of All Books for Culture.

"Culture," said Arnold in the preface to "Literature and Dogma," "is indispensable necessary, and culture is reading; but reading with a purpose to guide it, and with system. He does a good work who does anything to help this; indeed, it is the one essential service now to be rendered to education." The remark, whether it be the cause or not, may stand for the type of motive underlying many a modern treatise on the subject. There have been famous lists of the 100 "best books," now depreciated by a more catholic taste; we all know of numerous pamphlets on the subject of what to read; and the literary counsel "featured" in popular periodicals for domestic consumption is beyond analysis; they all tell us what books, both classical and contemporary, it is best for us to taste, to chew, or to digest. In such trains of advice one may be reasonably certain, before opening any given treatise, to find stock ideas; books are our priceless possession; you should, in Lowell's words, "read what will make you think rather than dream;" newspapers are a public menace and should be read swiftly, merely for the sake of the important news; excessive novel reading is deleterious to the moral fiber; the Bible is the best of all books for culture. Indeed, these ideas can not too often be repeated, for we do not hear a tithe as much about them as we do about passing politics, the stock market, theaters and athletics; but the specific interest in the present guides to culture lies in the variations from such worthy remarks and the fresh application of them.—Forum.

WRECK OF A FORGOTTEN SHIP.

Has Lain for Years in Harbor of Port Phillip, Australia.

A mystery of Port Phillip, Australia, has just been solved. For many years shipmasters and port authorities were perplexed by the fact that while the anchorage in Port Phillip bay had a good bottom, a ship could not cast anchor in a certain place without the anchor becoming fouled with something so tenacious that no amount of winch power could again bring it to the surface.

Recently an experienced diver was sent down to investigate the matter, and on his return he stated that he found the remains of a clipper ship 200 feet long. He was unable to climb into her and examine the inside of the hull, because it had been turned into a sort of vast forcing frame, from which seaweed had grown to a height of 50 feet, like a gigantic submarine cornfield.

There are no records of any wreck in the vicinity, but it is supposed that the vessel was one arriving in Port Phillip during the earlier days of gold discovery. The hull is to be torn away with dynamite, and when the growth of seaweed is removed the interior is to be examined.

Wise Judge.

A blind street musician, reports a Chinese paper, stood on the shore of a river, puzzled how to cross the stream. He implored an oil dealer, who happened to come along, to assist him. The oil dealer had pity on the helpless man, took him on his shoulders, gave him his money bag to hold and carried him across. When he deposited his burden on the other shore the blind man refused to return him his money bag, raised a noise and declared that the money was his property. The matter came before the judge, and each man said on oath that the money belonged to him. The judge finally ordered the bag of money emptied into a water tank, and then suddenly announced that the oil dealer was the owner. When asked for the reason for his decision, he declared that the money of the oil dealer must certainly show traces of his business, and, indeed on the surface of the water traces of oil were found.

New Burbank Marvels.

It is stated that Luther Burbank has named one of his most delicious fruit creations after his old home town, the scene of his great successes in the creation of new fruits and flowers. It is the Santa Rosa plum, considered by experts in the nursery line as being one of the finest fruits of the plum kind that has come to their notice. This plum will leave Burbank's hands this winter for the first time for introduction in the fruit growing world.

A well known Fresno nurseryman has secured the privilege of being the sole introducer of this plum. The California Fruit Grower says that the same man will this winter introduce for the first time Burbank's great timber producing walnut trees.

When the Mississippi Freezes.

Since 1870 there have been but six seasons when the Mississippi did not freeze over, these being the years 1873, 1875, 1882, 1891, 1902, and 1906. The 30 times that it did close, the stopped running 30 times in 1890, showing that this is a month when the heavy cold sets in. The earliest date recorded is December 4, 1872, and the latest February 24, 1889. One season, 1895-1896, the ice froze up tight and then moved six times the variation of the temperature for the winter.

Consolation.

Sympathizing Friend—In every sorrow there is some great, some inspiring, comforting thought.

Widow (abstractedly)—Yes, black will be very becoming to my complexion.

LONG HOURS IN THE SAHARA.
Caravaneers Have Little Rest, According to Sailor.

"They oughter start labor unions in the Sahara desert," said the sailor. "You work 21 hours a day there. That's too long, ain't it?"

"It's the fashionable fad to winter in the Sahara, and last January, us lyin' in the Phillippville for a cargo of dates, I bought a third class ticket to Biskra, and pushed from there to Touggourt with a camel caravan."

"It was fine. The sun shone, the air was like wine, the sand was as white as salt. We seen mirages—phantom cities, with white domes and minarets, palm gardens, and girls walkin' on the flat roofs of the white houses, lookin' at you with dark, wistful eyes."

"We had a cargo of beer for the French soldiers in Touggourt, Ghardala, Ouargla, and the neighborin' towns."

"But what I wanted to speak about was the hours of the caravaneers. Them poor fellers worked 21 hours a day. One stop of three hours was all they took, and part of that time had to be spent in feedin' and groomin' the camels."

"Camels can get along, it seems, with three hours' rest a day, but men! Them caravaneers of ours had little donks, the size of a Newfoundland dog, to ride on, and they'd lie on their stomachs across a donk's back, head hangin' down on one side, feet on the other, and in that position they could sleep hour after hour whilst the donks trudged on in the sunshine through the white sand."

HAD THE LAUGH ON LAWYER.

Whole Court Room Joined in Joke on Conceited Advocate.

A distinguished, but conceited advocate not long ago, after securing an unqualified statement from an octogenarian, who was bravely enduring cross-examination, that he "saw the whole thing as if it had occurred ten feet away," suddenly challenged him to tell the time by the clock referred to. The lawyer did not look around himself, as he had done so about half an hour before, when he had noticed that it was half after 11. The old man looked at the clock and replied, after a pause, "Half past 11," upon which the lawyer, knowing that it must be nearly 12, turned to the jury and burst into a derisive laugh, exclaiming sarcastically, "That is all," and threw himself back in his seat with an air of having finally annihilated the entire value of the witness' testimony. The distinguished practitioner, however, found himself laughing alone. Presently one of the jury chuckled, and in a trice the whole court room was in a roar at the lawyer's expense. The clock had stopped—at half-past 11.—Exchange.

Tommy Won.

At a child's party lately a boy created quite a sensation in his efforts to outdo the others. They were playing "Button, button, who's got the button?" and presently, after a very confusing hunt, the mother of the little hostess said:

"No one seems to have the button. Now, who had it at the beginning of the game?"

"I did!" exclaimed a little girl. "To whom did you give it?" asked the lady.

"Tommy Jones, ma'am."

"Tommy, to whom did you give it?" Silence.

"Speak up, Tommy."

"I—I—swallowed it!" gasped Tommy.

"Mercy!" said the lady, "how big was it?"

"Well," answered Tommy, "when Maggie gave it to me it was about as big as a pea, but it feels as big as an egg, ma'am, and I'm sorry I won the game!"

Female Doctors in Germany.

Professor von Bergmann—the great German surgeon who attended the Emperor Frederick during his last illness—has had such a frightful quarrel with Morell Mackenzie—has been telling the editor of a medical journal that "I am decidedly against women entering the profession." Briefly put, his reason is that "so long as women are unable to beat crooks and tailors at the vocations which women are apt to regard as their own specialties, so long will they be unable to compete successfully with men doctors. . . . I have too high a regard for women to encourage them to become doctors."

Celestial Fashions.

The appearance of the comet was such that the sensitive Pleiades were shocked.

"How disordered you look!" they exclaimed. "Do stop and let us fix your hair."

"Don't touch me!" returned the comet breathlessly. "This is the automobile touse!"

And with a rush of wind and a shower of sparks he was gone leaving the gentle sisters to recover from their astonishment as best they might.—Puck.

What He Wanted to Know.

"There," said the great magnate when his attorney entered, "look over that dispatch"

"Um," observed the lawyer, after reading the story, "looks rather bad. Sixty-seven indictments! Gracious! I don't like that."

"Don't like it? What are you talking about? I didn't send for you to find out whether you liked it or not. What I want you to do is to find out whether I am going to Europe or to stand on my technicalities."